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Welcome to Pleasure Island

Every few months, we'll transport you to new heights of relaxation at a mystical place called Pleasure Island. Imagine yourself on a beach; crystal waves lap on the sugar sand; sunlight dapples colorful seashells under the water. Magical? You decide as we bring you the tale of a young writer and his wife, two people forever touched by the mysterious power of this idyllic island.

Writer's Block

"Dirk Johnson, Private Detective, had his feet on his well-worn desk when there was a knock at his office door. Could that curvaceous silhouette through the frosted glass be a dame in need of his services? The door opened to a cloud of perfume and she... she..."

"Damn! Why can't I describe this woman?" thinks Eliot, throwing down his pen. He glares at the overflowing waste basket – each crumpled sheet of paper bearing a few scrawled sentences – an undeniable testament to his writer's block. Wearily, he steps out onto the balcony and sinks into a lounge chair with a sigh. His wife Kelly had rented this lovely villa on Pleasure Island to help him relax – and hopefully shake the grip of writer's block.

Just thinking about his wife makes him smile. She is the perfect balance to his wild creative nature. She is his best friend, his most loyal fan and his greatest inspiration. But the pressure of his writing has created some distance between them. If he could only relax and start to write again, everything would be all right.

Eliot decides to make the most of the beautiful day and enjoy the view. He admires emerald hills rolling gently down to greet the pristine beach with brightly painted fishing boats bobbing on the crystal-clear sea. The atmosphere is so relaxing even his infamous creation "Dirk Johnson" would have pulled his battered hat over his eyes and taken a snooze. Closing his eyes, Eliot lets the sun melt his frustration as the breezes blow away the city smog from his clothes.

From the edge of his consciousness, something begins to pull at his senses. That scent on the breeze is so delicate, so delectable, so unique. He wonders what kind of exotic flowers are responsible for such a heavenly aroma? Looking around, Eliot catches a glimpse of a beautiful woman in a stunning blue dress in the olive grove below him. Though he can barely see her through the trees, there is something so perfect about her... something so right. He thinks she will be the model for his heroine, but it won't be a detective novel – it will be an intriguing book about love, beauty and passion. And beautiful Pleasure Island will be the setting for this new story. Eliot calls out to her, but she immediately vanishes like the early morning mist.

The momentary image of this mystery woman inspires Eliot to new heights of creativity. He works furiously, laboring day and night to put all his thoughts on paper. The world he is creating is full of love and light, home to his perfect heroine. Just like right here on Pleasure Island with Kelly. Except... he and Kelly haven't really spent much time enjoying the island together because he has been so wrapped up in his novel. And when was the last time he told Kelly he loved her?

Fueled with this new rush of passion and energy, Eliot sets off to find Kelly. As he approaches the twinkling lights of a restaurant, he notices a slim figure in blue sitting at a table. Is this the mystery woman, the lady responsible for his new burst of creativity?

Keeping his eyes on the lady in blue, he weaves his way toward her. The closer he gets, the more familiar she seems. Is it in the way she tilts her head as she looks at the stars, or how she brings her cigarette to her lips? In fact... No it couldn't be...

Why yes, it is indeed Kelly! So caught up in himself, Eliot hadn't even recognized his own lovely wife as she darted past the balcony. How blind he has been. And although it felt great to be writing again, he mustn't lose sight of what really matters – his love for Kelly.

Reaching the table, he pulls Kelly out of her chair and into his arms. He kisses her deeply and passionately, enjoying the feel of her cool skin through the blue dress. As he lets her go, softly he murmurs, "A truly inspiring vacation with my wonderful wife. How do you always know exactly what I need?"

She smiles, holding his face between her soft hands and whispers, "Because, my love, I can read you like a book."

PARLIAMENT
Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Kings: Box 8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine; Soft 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine – 100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine – Menthol Kings: Box 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine; 100's: 13 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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